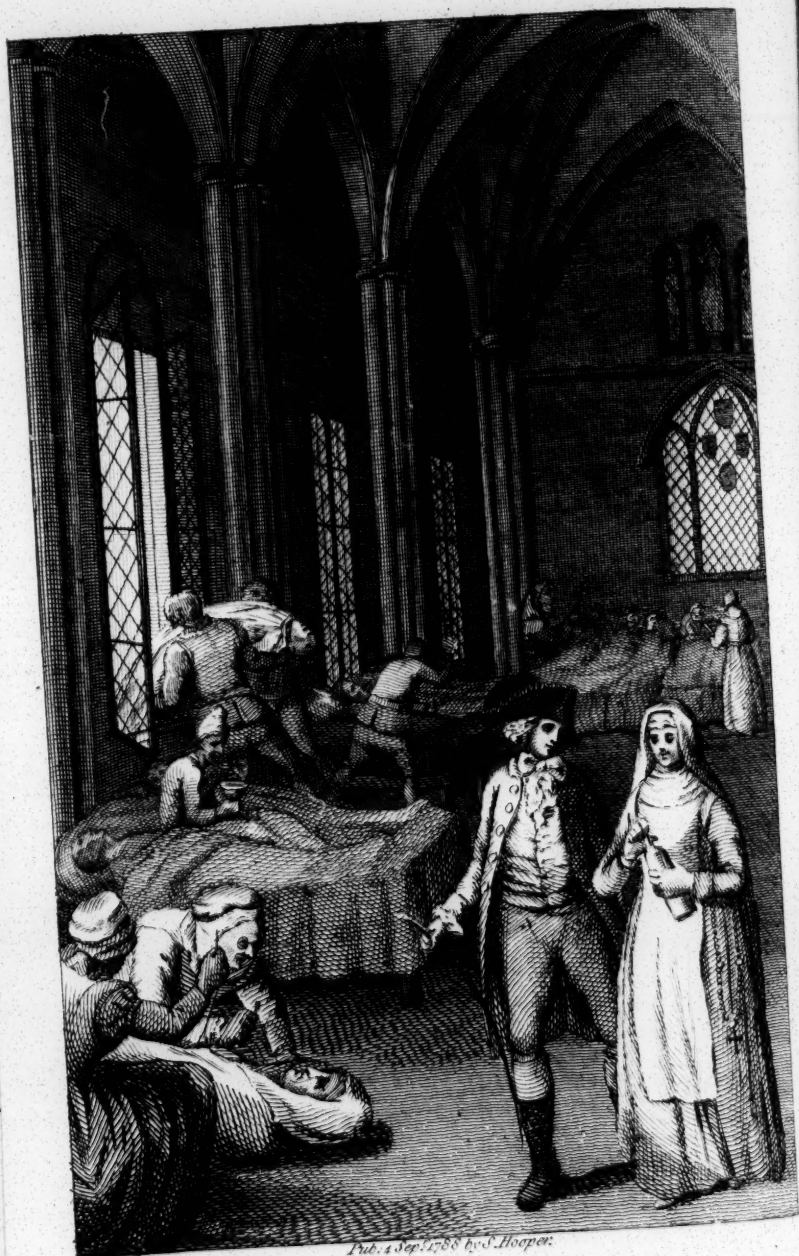




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161

A
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
S P A I N ;

WRITTEN IN FRENCH,
By the MARQUIS de LANGLE.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

To which are added Two humorous Frontispieces, designed by S. GRIMM, and very neatly engraved.

Translated from the PARIS Edition, which on Account of speaking freely of the religious Ceremonies, Customs and Manners of that Country, so offended the religious Dons, &c. that the Spanish Minister at Paris applied to the French Court for its Suppression, in Consequence of which it was ordered to be burnt by the common Hangman.

VOL. II.

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I N D E X.

VOLUME II.

	Page
<i>Historians,</i>	I
<i>Mules,</i>	3
<i>Particular Observations,</i>	4
<i>Orders of Council—Regulations of the</i> <i>Police,</i>	21
<i>Antiquities,</i>	23
<i>Printers and Booksellers,</i>	25
<i>Coffee-Houses,</i>	29
<i>Silk,</i>	30
<i>Ordinaries,</i>	33
<i>Horses,</i>	34
<i>Chimnies,</i>	35
<i>Spanish Troops,</i>	36
<i>Oil,</i>	38
<i>Literary Pirates,</i>	40
<i>Hunting,</i>	46
Vol. II. A 2	High

iv INDEX to VOL. II.

	Page
<i>High Roads,</i>	47
<i>Bishops,</i>	51
<i>Unlucky Days,</i>	54
<i>Rogation Week,</i>	56
<i>The Dutcheſs of Alva,</i>	57
<i>Finances,</i>	58
<i>Suicide,</i>	61
<i>The Cabinet and Laſt War,</i>	63
<i>Pilgrimages</i>	68
<i>Petit-Mâitres, or Femmy Jeſſamies,</i>	70
<i>Compliments,</i>	72
<i>The Eve of a great Feſtival,</i>	74
<i>Dungeons,</i>	76
<i>Academies,</i>	Ibid,
<i>Sharpers</i>	78
<i>Phyſicians,</i>	79
<i>Croſſes</i>	81
<i>Nuns</i>	82
<i>Lettres-de-Cachet,</i>	85
<i>Wax Tapers,</i>	87
<i>Old Men,</i>	88
<i>Churches,</i>	90
	<i>The</i>

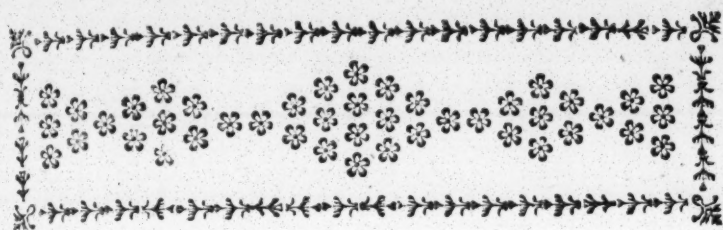
INDEX to VOL. II. v

Page

<i>The Police,</i>	93
<i>Servants,</i>	95
<i>Inns or Taverns,</i>	97
<i>Wine,</i>	102
<i>Colleges,</i>	103
<i>The Siesta, or Afternoon's Nap,</i>	105
<i>General Hospital,</i>	108
<i>Heaths or Commons,</i>	109
<i>Vegetables,</i>	111
<i>Misers,</i>	113
<i>Guitar,</i>	114
<i>Marriage,</i>	115
<i>Rivers,</i>	118
<i>Dances,</i>	121
<i>Flagellants,</i>	122
<i>Manuscripts,</i>	123
<i>This Morning,</i>	124
<i>Veils,</i>	125
<i>Sentences of the Inquisition,</i>	126
<i>The Prado,</i>	129
<i>The Virgin of Atocha,</i>	131
<i>Orders of Knighthood,</i>	133
	<i>Souls</i>

vi INDEX to VOL. II.

	Page
<i>Souls in Purgatory,</i>	136
<i>Square called Place-Major,</i>	137
<i>Galleons,</i>	Ibid.
<i>Offices and Places,</i>	138
<i>Oglio—The Common People,</i>	139
<i>Gouty People,</i>	140
<i>Temperance of the Spaniards,</i>	141
<i>Cordeliers,</i>	142
<i>Ships,</i>	143
<i>Beggars,</i>	144
<i>Honey,</i>	146
<i>Fairs — Jesters — and Grandees of</i> <i>Spain,</i>	147
<i>Genealogical Trees,</i>	148
<i>The Clergy—Houses—Asylums—An</i> <i>Anecdote,</i>	149
<i>Society,</i>	151
<i>Ruffs,</i>	Ibid.
<i>Burials,</i>	152



THE
MARQUIS'S JOURNEY
THROUGH
S P A I N.

Historians.

THOUGH the Spaniards have neglected every other kind of literature, they have however cultivated history with success.

MARIANA, but for some few monkish passages, would be little inferior to *Tacitus*.

B

The

The History of *Catalonia* is perfectly well written. The wars, troubles, and calamities of that country, are painted with force and energy.

The Chronicles of *Saavedra* are much esteemed. The Marquis of St. *Philip* has composed valuable memoirs on the war of succession.

The History of the *Indies*, by Don *Gonzalo Hernandez de Oviedo Y Valdes*, is in high esteem.

There are many excellent observations in the History of the Mexicans, by the Friar *Torquemada*.

There is an academy for history at *Madrid*. That body is employed in investigating the annals of *Spain*.

Mr. *De Campomanes*, the head of the Society, has collected a great variety of materials for the purpose: he is
now

now labouring to digest them : so much the better ; it will be a public benefit, if death will allow him time to complete the work : but, unfortunately, Mr. *De Campomanes* is old, valetudinary, and asthmatic : it is apprehended that he has not long to live.

Health and longevity should, I think, be like military rank and the favours of a court ; God should bestow them on useful and enlightened men.

Mules.

THE mules of *Andalusia* are much esteemed. Not only they are more vigorous than the mules of *Rouergue*, *Poitou*, and other provinces of *France*, whence the Spaniards have mules ; but

eat less, go faster, and are more sure-footed.

One may travel securely through the most rugged roads, on a mule of *Andalusia*. In crossing the *Pyrenees*, I had one of those mules. I expected every moment to be down. "Don't be afraid," said my guide, "you are in no danger of falling." Nor did I fall.

The Spaniards in general make use of mules, riding or travelling. They don't mind the shape or size of the head, the length of the ears, or what the colour of the animal is: provided he eats but little, and is sure-footed, they are satisfied.

Particular Observations.

ALMOST all the Spanish women possess a wonderful sweetness of voice—
it

it is a pleasure to hear them speak—I prefer the sound of their voice to the finest piece of music—*Gluck* could not improve the harmony of it—it is perfect music in itself.

I fancy the king of *Spain* is never measured for his clothes—they are always either too long, too short, or too wide; one cannot tell what to make of them. If any other person were to dress so oddly, he would be laughed at.

The dead are buried too soon here—they have scarcely time to be cold.—Why not wait two or three days? If a person be dead to-day, surely he will be so to-morrow; and then it will be time enough to carry him to the grave. In the principality of *Neufchâtel*, none are buried until seventy-two hours after their decease; and it is asserted,

that many have set up, and called for something to drink, two days after they had been reputed dead.

Some people say that the Spaniards are cheerful ; I think them the reverse. I walk every evening in the *Prado*, where there are near four thousand assembled ; and yet I never heard the least sound of laughter.

The use of dove-houses is not known in *Spain*. Pigeons are shut up in distinct pairs. Pigeons confined in this manner seem to deserve pity ; but, if they love each other, they are happy.

Madrid is perhaps the city where fewest people destroy themselves. One year with another there are not four who commit suicide there.—So much the better, that suicide is so rare in *Spain* : I wish it were so every where : I
wish

wish that there was no example of it in the world—but still I cannot conceive why it is not more common. I never shall be able to comprehend why one half of mankind, who are so curious and impatient to know what passes in the other world, do not destroy themselves, in order to see it quickly.

The people of *Madrid* are great libertines. The matrons are said to be prone to gallantry: the young ladies are reputed to be very tender, but very reserved. The men, in general, are timid and bashful in courtship. The hearts of lovers frequently burn with love and desire for years: they often die of love; and all for want of coming to an explanation.

Every wealthy Spaniard that is not buried in the habit of some religious

order, is consigned to the grave in his best suit. It would be every whit as well, I think, to sell these fine clothes, clothe some poor person with the produce, and bury the deceased in a linen frock.

What a pity it is that three fourths of *Spain* should remain uncultivated! It is not, certainly, the fault of the soil: it is excellent in all parts: *Sierra Morena* is a proof of this. The dew had scarcely fallen, and the sun shed his rays upon it, after the earth had been turned and sown, when it was covered with a rich produce.

The Spaniards lose their teeth early. They seldom preserve any after fifty; or, if any remain, they are so few that they are hardly worth notice.

One

One thing is very extraordinary, and which can hardly be conceived—it is said, that among the Spaniards there are a great number of Atheists, who believe in nothing, nothing whatever; and who openly maintain, that the existence of a God is a mere prejudice; that Heaven and Hell are imaginary places; and that all things are governed by chance. Ah! poor creatures! I most heartily pity them.

I seldom meet two Spaniards together: the Spaniard seems to delight in being alone: he is much in the right of it. Man, when alone, has more sense and sentiment, lives better, enjoys life more: he lives doubly. Man, in company, is like wine and water: man, alone, may be compared to pure and genuine wine.

Dry seasons are frequent in this country : water, on such occasions, grows scarce ; and many die of thirst.

A vast number of meritorious actions are performed at *Madrid* ; and more virtuous men are to be found there than any where else : more truly virtuous men ; men, I will venture to say, who are such models, that if all the rest of mankind resembled them, the world would be happy. At *Geneva*, I met with one of these men, *Charles Bennet* ; at *Neuschâtel*, I found another, *S. Robert*.

I have met no where with such sweet-scented violets : I bought a *bouquet* of them yesterday, and it has perfumed my room ever since.

Should a work that is written with any spirit of freedom come out here,
it

it is immediately devoted to the flames: should mine make its appearance in this place, it will most certainly be reduced to ashes. So much the better, so much the better, I say; a thousand times the better; it will be a most lucky circumstance. Happy are the works that are burned! they are always favourites with the public.

The Spaniards are of a middling stature, and very well proportioned; but they are in general black and ugly. What disfigures a great number of the Spaniards, is their ears; which are so large, that my gloves would scarcely contain them.

Next to the Kingdom of *Naples*, I believe there is no country where titles are so plenty as in *Spain*. Any one that likes may style himself Marquis,

Count, or Knight. All titles seem to lie open *pro bono publico*, at the mercy of every one that pleases to assume them.

The part of education that is most neglected in *Madrid*, is the cultivation of the memory. The Spaniards perhaps are right in this; memory is frequently attended with ill consequences. There are indeed a hundred things, and a hundred persons, that I remember with pleasure; but there are a thousand that I should wish to forget: K—— for instance.

The sacrament is carried with great pomp to the sick. The first person that happens to be passing in a carriage, is obliged to alight, and lend his coach to God.

These

These vain ceremonies are the last planks on which sinking religion, if I may venture to say so, endeavours to preserve herself from going to the bottom.

I have no where observed so few pretty children. Infancy, every where, in general, is pleasing and handsome; but the Spaniard, contrary to the usual rule, is already ugly before he has quitted the go-cart.

A Danish physician has maintained, that men may hear with the teeth: we observe, in fact, that almost all deaf people open their mouths to listen: the Spaniards do the same; one would imagine that they had ears at the end of their tongue.

The magnificence of the church is incredible. On entering one of them
you

you are dazzled, and almost blinded for some minutes, by the splendor and riches that surround you. The Spanish painters never fail to make their saints, of both sexes, the most beautiful figures. God himself, though dead on the cross, is represented with every personal grace and perfection of beauty that colours can bestow.

I have, I think, already mentioned Spanish temperance; it is frequently carried to excess. I remember, one day, I called in on a very respectable family of *Madrid*: dinner was ready; they had just sat down to it: the company consisted of four persons; and all they had to dine on, was one egg, with four apples.

Spain is full of prophets who ramble from village to village, one while predicting

dicting earthquakes or hurricanes, and at other times the end of the world. These predictions alarm and terrify the common people. Such prophets richly deserve chastisement: a kind of gag should, I think, be put in their mouths for several days together, to prevent them from uttering their impudent falsehoods.

The most general reproach which I have heard against the Spaniards, is their want of distinctive character. If this be well founded, it is impossible to like them, or find much pleasure in their society. A man without a character of his own is nothing, is a useless being. A man should have a character of his own, as well as a nose of his own.

The Capuchins of *Madrid* never go out of their convent: they have every
 thing

thing necessary there: a lay-brother fetches whatever is wanting. Of all the monks and friars I pity the Capuchins most; and I would pity them still more than any of the rest, if there were to be no resurrection after death.

Every soldier sleeps alone. This regulation was made in the present reign. *Spain* is the only state where a soldier can sleep at his ease, and turn in his bed.

The voice of the men is no less harsh and disagreeable, than that of the ladies is pleasing and harmonious. Every time the former speak, one would imagine that they are either angry, scolding, or hoarse.

I frequently resume the subject of the voice: I do it intentionally.

Mr.

Mr. *Lavater*, who has made so many excellent remarks upon physiognomy, who pretends to discover the passions of the soul, and the qualities of the mind, by examining the features of the face, has not written a single sentence on the sound of the voice.

'Tis elegance of figure, beautiful eyes, but above all, certain delicate magical glances, that distinguish the females of *Madrid*. It is there where the man who dreads falling in love, has reason most frequently to say to the pretty ladies of his acquaintance, *I pray and conjure you, do not captivate, do not enslave me.*

'Tis among the common people, among the poor, where the greatest number of devout Christians is to be found. So true it is, that it is in poverty

verty and distress we find a pleasure and consolation in praying to God.

Though the apartments are very spacious, they are nevertheless dark, because the windows are improperly placed, the blinds and curtains always down: one would think that the Spaniards are afraid of day-light; it seems as if they were yet to learn, that nothing furnishes a room so well as light.

The bridge built over the *Mancharanes** cost near £.800,000; and for nine months in the year, there is hardly as much water in the bed of the river as would fill a few dozen of bottles.

The Spaniards possess a thousand estimable qualities; among others, that of speaking their minds openly of ministers and men in office. I have heard
above

* A river that runs through *Madrid*.

above twenty people, who were talking of Mr. O'R——, express themselves in these words: "*We do not hate him, he is not of consequence enough; we only despise him.*"

The dead are buried with their faces uncovered in *Spain*. The custom should be universal. The bills of mortality are not sufficient to authenticate death. Thirty years ago an odious scene was exhibited in *France*. Count ——, impatient to take possession of the fortune to which he was heir, seized upon his father, threw him into a hole under ground, and gave out that he was dead. The parish-bells next day gave notice of the funeral, and a stone was the corpse interred.

The Spaniards are very fond of being saluted, but they never chuse to give
the

the first salute. When they meet you, they fix their eyes stedfastly upon you, as much as to say, "*Take off your hat, and salute me ; 'tis your duty.*" I was near being involved in a quarrel. I should be involved in a thousand on the same account. I will most cheerfully be the first to salute a child, an old man, or a servant ; but, if a Spaniard were ever so rich or great, I will not salute him first ; I would sooner take off my hat to an ape or a jack-ass.

The common people of *Madrid* are as much cockneys as those of *London*. They will trudge ten miles to see a prince, or any man of high rank. However, the passion of running after the tails of the great is pretty general every where. I shall, no doubt, be singular in my opinion ; but all the sovereigns
of

of the earth might pass in succession behind me, without interesting me enough, to induce me to turn my head to look at any of them.

Orders of Council, Regulations of Police.

AT *Athens* all laws were published by the sound of the flute and dulcimer. The flute commanded attention, prepared the minds of the people for obedience, and helped the Athenians to retain in memory the law that was passing.

In *Spain* this is done by beat of drum; and it is jack-ketch that publishes all laws and edicts. In vain have I enquired, and endeavoured to dive into the reason of so extraordinary a custom. What sanction, what influence or weight, in fact, can any edict whatever preserve,

preserve, when uttered by the lips of a hangman, a character so infamous?

But why infamous? Should an executioner be so? What a question! Yes, doubtless, the hangman, his wife and children, should form a separate class every where. But, as infamy is a real punishment, as it is unjust to punish a man who often thinks more worthily, is a better man, and has a nobler soul than the greater part of those who shun and despise him, and would blush to hold any conversation with him, a hangman should be a convicted villain to whom life was given, and who should be well lodged, well fed, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, never to stir out, but on execution-days.

But

But the business of an executioner* is not so very easy; to learn it requires time: an expert executioner is not readily found. Well, let knocking on the head be the punishment of all capital offences: then no apprenticeship, no trial, no expertness will be wanting; and the first that offers will be sufficiently qualified.

Antiquities.

IN every part of *Spain*, but particularly in the kingdoms of *Valencia*, cornices, columns, and mosaic works are to be seen; but nobody takes any notice of these ruins.

Don *Pepe L*—— said to me one day,
 “What are the city of *Herculaneum*;
 “and the *Arundel* marbles to me, pro-
 “vided

* In every other country but England, executions vary according to the nature of the crime.

“ vided my confessor dines and sups
“ well ?”

Excepting the article of the confessor, Don *Pepe* was doubtless right; I admire ruins as little as he does. I could travel through *Greece* without any desire to see the pyramids, or to enter the temples; I could live in *Rome*, without ever visiting the *Pantheon*, the *Campus Martius*, or the celebrated baths of the ancient Romans: these ruins will soon be no more. Columns, triumphal arches, and statues in bronze, all decay, and melt into ruin. Gloomy subterraneous passages, deep caverns, and humid grottos, but particularly rocks, are my antiquities.

A rock is coeval with the creation,
attracts my attention, forces me to
contemplate and admire it; and, when
I con-

I consider that it remains fixed on as permanent a basis as the world itself, that in a hundred thousand years it will still be new, and that the same remained unshaken amidst the waters of the universal deluge, I am, in a manner, struck with reverential awe, and almost ready to bow down before it.

Printers and Booksellers.

THERE is a material difference between the Spanish booksellers and those of the other parts of *Europe*: some here acquire fortunes by the *Sinner's Guide*, others by *Theresa the Philosopher*, the *French Loufiad*, the *Odalisk*, *D. B.* and such infamous trash. The Inquisition is a check upon the former, and the Police is an Inquisition to the latter; but, notwithstanding all the

vigilance and dread of the police, every thing is printed here.

Saa, Doctor of Divinity, acquired fifty thousand piaſtres at *Madrid*, by commenting and new-furbishing up the Works of the Fathers *Jerom* and *Bonaventure*; and yet the bookſellers of *Paris* reſuſed to give twelve guineas for the manuſcripts of Mr. *De Paw*, the firſt hiſtorian, the firſt politician, and, without exception, a man of the moſt extenſive genius of the age.

What! without exception? ſays my reader.—Yes, I aſſert it boldly, without exception. Men prejudiced in favour of *Raynal* will, doubtleſs, exclaim againſt the aſſertion, as an act of injuſtice; but theſe exclamations will not acquit their favourite hiſtorian of prolixity, plagiarism, miſrepreſentation,

tation, partiality, injustice, and ignorance: these exclamations will not so far disturb the reminiscient faculties of any one, as to make him forget, that as soon as the *Abbé* touches on any part of Mount *Sinai*, or the burning bush, and with towering imagination soars to lightening and thunder, he seems to move like an ambassador from the Omnipotent, and to say, in the language of *Moses*, "*Let the earth*
"*and the heavens hearken to my voice!*" and all that listen to him hear nothing but idle stories, anecdotes, and dissertations on sugar, coffee, and indigo.

Plutarch advised the chattering fellows of his time to keep company with none but those above them, in order that they might be a check upon them, and awe them into silence, or at least prevent them from talking improperly.

Plutarch's prescription is excellent, but it is not always sufficient.

When Prince *Henry* was passing through *Lausanne*, Abbé *Raynal* happened to be there, and had the honour to dine with his Highness, whom he interrupted every moment with some idle story or other. Those who were near the *Abbé*, in vain jogged him, in vain made signs to him to forbear: he neither saw nor felt any thing; his tongue kept on its wonted pace.

“ *I have been assured,*” said a very agreeable and sensible lady one day, “ *that Abbé Raynal is going back to* “ *France—so much the better: I am* “ *heartily glad of it; for he comes every* “ *day to my house, teazes and torments* “ *me continually, in such a manner, that,* “ *were he to remain here, I verily believe* “ *he would be the death of me.*”

Coffee

Coffee - Houses

ARE more common in *Madrid* than taverns or wine-vaults, though these are very numerous.

The Spaniards are passionately fond of coffee; they understand how to make it and drink it in a better manner than we do: they do not swallow it hastily; they sip it drop by drop; they take it thick, and almost scalding hot. It is better so; it is best to take it very hot; it then penetrates the viscera and entrails better, more quickly pervades the different parts, communicating to the blood and head, life, health, activity, and that inebriating and magic heat which gives beauty and colour to every thing we see, life and animation to all that we say.

All you whose chins descend in folds upon your breasts, and whose protuberant paunches overspread your knees; all you who are robbed of sleep by the gout, or who languish in a consumption! take no more medicines; do not kill yourselves; drink coffee; drink plenty of it: you will grow thin; you will perspire; you will recover, and sleep soundly; you will be delighted with life, and soon be as thin as I am.

Silk.

THE best silk for the manufacture of strong plain stuffs, is that which comes from the kingdoms of *Valencia* and *Murcia*. This silk, whatever others may say to the contrary, is superior to the silk of *Messina*, and even to that of *Syria*, known in *Europe* by the name of *Luges*, *Chouf*, and *Billedun*.

If

If the stuffs manufactured in *Spain* do not look so well as those of *Lyons, Tours*, and other places, it is not owing to the materials; 'tis the fault of the weavers, who will not take the trouble of joining the broken threads, and are not careful to strike even. This occasions the unevenness of the stuff, the streaks, and other fretted blemishes that run through the piece.

The Spaniards moreover do not understand how much the richness and excellence of the dye contributes to the beauty of stuff; they do not know that almost all their colours are uneven, and that all the silk designed for the same piece should be put into the same copper or boiler, to prevent any irregular shades in the colour.

Under the direction of Mr. *Victor Glutz*, a man of merit, intelligence,

and true patriotism, and one of the members of the chief Council of the Senate of *Soleure*, a manufacture has been lately established in that city, of *Gros-de-Tour*, sattin, and taffety, which is in so flourishing a state of perfection already, that nothing seems wanting, either as to the beauty or the excellency of the raw materials, the attention and skill of the weavers, the strength and softness of the stuff, or the evenness, clearness, or beauty of the dye.

Soleure is in possession of a great many other manufactures; and throughout the whole year almost, the *Aar* is covered with barges, carrying to *Geneva*, *Holland*, *Germany*, and even *Italy*, the fruits of the labour and industry of that wise State.

Ordi-

Ordinaries

ARE not known in *Spain*: so much the worse: it is at ordinaries that one may learn the manners and genius of a country. At an ordinary you may see the inhabitants of a city more at their ease, and less reserved, than any where else. There you will meet with foreigners of every state.

Yes, I know it: prejudice condemns ordinaries. But, as prejudice is ignorant; as it never suggested good advice, never communicated information, nor enlarged our sphere of knowledge; when we travel to see or learn any thing, we should send a servant to turn a plate at an ordinary, next the fire if it be cold, or if warm, near the door, or the window. There we are

at ease : we may go in a frock, our hair undressed, in boots or slippers ; we may eat or let it alone, talk or be silent. It is best to be silent, and we may learn something while we are eating.

Horses.

STUDS and breeding-horses have been neglected for some time ; and yet the Spanish horses still preserve qualities that distinguish them. They are generally black, or a chestnut-colour ; their ears are well set, their mains long and flowing, their eyes full of fire, and they possess activity and spirit.

The horses bred in *Andalusia* are esteemed the finest ; and indeed they are preferable for war, show, and the menage.

The

The city of *Cordova* is famous for the fine horses bred round it. The King has a stud there. The Barb-race, peculiar to this province, is preserved by a society of gentlemen, styled *Maestranza*.

Chimnies.

THE use of chimnies is hardly known in *Madrid*. They supply their place with *brazeros*, or portable *brazieres*, which diffuse round a very equal and gentle heat. Some particular kind of wood, seed, or powder, is thrown into these *brazieres*, which has an agreeable smell.

Some time ago, an actress, who is very handsome, complained to the Duke of *Alva*, that she had no money, that her apartment was very cold, and

herself almost frozen to death in it. The Duke of *Alva* sent her one of these *brazieres*, filled with piaftres. Such anecdotes of humanity, or gallantry, (as the reader pleases,) are not unfrequent in *Spain*. But who could refuse a *brazier*, or any thing else, to a pretty actress who has no money, and is shivering with cold?

Spanish Troops.

THE Spanish Infantry consists of,
One regiment of Spanish guards,
One regiment of Wallon Guards,
Three regiments of national Infantry,
Three Irish regiments,
Three Wallon regiments,
Two Italian regiments,
Four regiments of Foreign Volunteers,
Four Swiss regiments.

Every

Every regiment is composed of two battalions ; each of which consists of eight companies of common soldiers, and one of grenadiers. Every company is composed of a Captain, First Lieutenant, Sub-Lieutenant, a First and Second Serjeant, six Corporals, a Drummer, and fifty-four Privates.

A Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, Adjutant, two Ensigns, and a Chaplain, complete the regiment.

The Cavalry is composed of three troops of Body-guards, the Spanish, Italian, and Flemish, and a brigade of Carabiniers, and fourteen regiments of Cavalry. *Spain* has eight regiments of Dragoons.

The Cavalry and Dragoons have their horses from *Andalusia*.

Exclusive

Exclusive of this military body, there is a provincial Militia enrolled, that forms a body of near 40,000 men.

The pay of a soldier is seven *sols* a day, with a pound and a half of bread. One half of each regiment has leave of absence for six months in time of peace. Every soldier takes home with him, in advance, pay and bread for two months, and receives the remainder on his return to the regiment.

The Spanish navy consists of seven first-rates, forty-one second-rates, and eleven third-rates. There are, besides, four bomb-ketches; seven gallies, several brigantines, galleons, guarda-costas, advice-boats, and packet-boats.

Oil.

IN a country richly planted with olives, one might naturally expect to meet

meat with good oil; but 'tis quite the reverse. In *Spain* the oil is bad, execrably bad; and every thing is dressed with oil; roast, ragouts, soups, all with oil, swimming with oil.

To get milk, or butter, you must scold or beat the landlord, or flatter and caress the landlady. If she be young and handsome, there is no hardship in that; but, if old and ugly, what can be done?

I have forgot where it was, but I arrived very hungry at an inn, and found they had got a hare in the house. I ordered it to be dressed. My servant desired twenty times that no oil might be used as sauce. I repeated the same orders as often. Nevertheless, on going into the kitchen to enquire whether the hare was ready, notwithstanding

ing my injunctions, the landlady had just emptied the lamp into the dish.

Literary Pirates.

HAPPILY literary pirates are unknown in *Spain*. They would soon be so every where, if a mark of infamy were set upon them. Reason, equity, the laws of commerce, and the interest of literature, require that every literary pirate should be punished.

But it will perhaps be said, that fame should be the only salary of a writer. But why so? Why should an author be ashamed to sell his discoveries, or set a price upon his ideas? Why should a people collectively receive gratis, lessons and advice which they must pay a price for as individuals?

Since

Since money has become the sign and exchange of our wants, every thing must naturally be purchased and sold.

The General, the officer, and soldier, sell their limbs and blood, and in a manner put their lives up to public sale: even Kings themselves take care to be paid. What are taxes, excise, and duties, but the stipend and wages of Kings?

Why should an Author be ashamed to sell his work? Does he not buy the sacraments? Are not prayers and sermons sold to him? Must he not pay for a hole in the church-yard, and the tolling of the bell that gives notice to his relations and friends that he is dead, and that they shall see him no more?

Can

Can he give, or ought he to give, his work for nothing, when his education has been so expensive ; when, in order to authenticate facts and dates, he has visited the places ; and when, for the greater perfection of his book, the better perspicuity, and the plainer demonstration of his ideas, he has, at considerable expence, had charts and drawings made, and plates engraved ?

All authors have not four or five thousand a year, like Mr. *Voltaire*.

The greater number of authors write that they may live and eat, and must write or starve.

The literary pirate not only robs the author of his money, but he also takes from him what he prefers to gold or silver, and every thing else : he robs him of his mistress, the object of his
fame

fame and affections; he robs him of his glory; he mutilates his book, and, as it were, stops him in his immortal career, on the borders of posterity.

Every surreptitious copy is imperfect and deformed. He who practises the base trade of a pirate, never could read or correct a proof: his ignorance must be equal to his knavery. Besides, of what concern can the fame of an author be to him? How should it affect him, if the stolen work were to swarm with faults, mistakes, and omissions? The purchaser, in vain, remonstrates and exclaims against the imperfections of the book: it is sold: the pirate has stolen and profited; his theft escapes with impunity, and his end is accomplished.

There is another consideration—
When the locks and dungeons of the
Châtelets

Châtelet and *Bastille* are opened to receive a writer, who can say to Government, that the *Bastille* incloses a guilty person? What security can there be for the fidelity of a bookseller, who is a base pirate? To give a greater relish for the book he is printing, may he not introduce some blasphemous expressions, seditious phrases, or dangerous principles?

In all ages one crime usually begets another: robbery and treachery, theft and baseness, tread close upon the heels of each other.

What renders the trade of a literary pirate still more odious, is, that such a bookseller frequently robs his brother bookseller, his neighbour, and friend.

In *Switzerland*, and elsewhere, a father has been known to steal and pi-

rate

rate a work that his son had purchased ; and I have seen at *Lyons* a son clandestinely print a work purchased by his father.

Let us figure to ourselves the distressed situation of a printer or bookseller, whose work has been pirated. Let us in idea enter his compring-house, at the moment he first beholds the copies of the book which he had purchased, converted into waste-paper.

One cannot avoid being shocked and distressed, to think, that when the day of payment arrives, the unfortunate bookseller, unable to fulfil his engagements, must see his furniture, stock in trade, &c. seized upon by bailiffs and sheriff's officers.

These piratical invasions of literary property among booksellers, loudly
call

call for some signal example. The counterfeiting of a book is a more scandalous theft than picking pockets.

Let all such tricking knaves be branded with some indelible mark of infamy—let them be led through every public part of the city or town where the crime is committed, with a rope about their necks, and be obliged, on their knees, in different places, to acknowledge the justice of their sentence, and, addressing themselves to the shades of departed printers who have distinguished themselves, supplicate their forgiveness for having disgraced the typographical art.

Hunting.

EXCEPT Easter-sunday and Good-friday, the King goes a hunting every day

day in the year. He sometimes removes six or seven leagues, and even farther, from the capital, to enjoy that diversion. Forty of his guards are obliged to gallop after him in full speed—Woe be to him that is a bad horseman on such occasions! he falls, and breaks a leg or an arm; and sometimes he is lucky enough to break his neck, and then he is better off.

High Roads.

EVERY body has heard of the wretched police of *England*, with respect to the safety of the roads: it is well known, that in *England*, as well as in *Turkey* and *Persia*, there is no travelling without danger of being robbed—it is really as bad in *Spain*.

There

There are, it is true, great numbers of men, called *archers*, whose business it is to patrol for the defence of the road ; but, as they are badly paid, and not formed into a regular body, and government does not keep a strict eye over them, they find it more easy to have an understanding with the robbers, and share in their booty.

Almost all the robbers in *Spain* are disguised as pilgrims or hermits — under pretence of enquiring the way, the hour of the day, or craving charity, they clap a pistol to the traveller's breast, rob, and generally kill him. They know that the punishment is the same, that a dead body is soonest stripped, and besides, dead men tell no tales.

You may, indeed, in every town procure a guard to escort you ; but,

not

not only these guards are very expensive, must be paid before-hand, and will conduct you only half way; they may, besides, hold intelligence with the robbers: it is safer to proceed without them.

Excepting where there is old-age or ugliness, neither of which is a temptation to any one, the Spanish robbers, it is said, take nothing from women. Instead of robbing travelling ladies, or shepherdesses watching their flocks, they escort them, give them bouquets, money, and ribbons; then lead them into the woods, where each of those villains in turn satiates his lust, and exhausts his strength on those unfortunate women.

If robbers are more numerous in *Spain* than elsewhere, this evil must

Vol. II.

D

be

be ascribed to the great distress of the common people, and their want of employment: the profound sleep of the jailors, whom neither thunder nor earthquakes could rouse, may be assigned as another cause; and a third may be found in the permission granted to prisoners of a certain description, of hanging out of their windows purses and baskets, into which their accomplices convey cords and files: furnished with tools, the prisoners escape when they like. It often happens, that several prisons are emptied in a night, and all betake themselves to the woods.

The very small number of houses for the relief of beggars in health, helps likewise to stock the high-ways with robbers. In all countries, and in all ages, crimes and robbery will ever be
the

the only resource of the man who wants bread, and has neither money nor employment to procure it.

Bishops.

NEITHER birth nor favour ever open the way to Episcopacy in *Spain*; Capuchins are frequently obliged to quit their cloisters, cut off their beards, and put on wigs, to occupy the sees of *Seville, Toledo, &c.*

The Spanish bishops are of exemplary virtue.

The excellent discourse of Lord *Greville*, on the duties of episcopacy, should be translated into every language, and sent to every Christian diocese in the world.

Much has been written against bishops; a thousand libels, a thousand pamphlets, and as many essays, have been published against their luxury, their morals, &c. &c. it would be endless to recount them.—But nothing so just has ever been written, as that we find in Lord *Greville's* discourse. It is not above twenty pages; it may be read in half an hour, and contains every thing the subject will bear.

Lord *Greville* has also written on gunpowder, and is very severe upon the inventor of it. His Lordship was certainly in the wrong there.

The inventor of gunpowder, whoever he was, it is not yet clearly ascertained, was surely a most deserving man. Before the invention of powder, had we not arrows, darts, slings, scorpions,

pions, battering-rams, and chariots armed with scythes, &c. &c.? What were all these but so many instruments of slow destruction? Praised be the cannon, the powder, and inventor of them! Thanks to the cannon, we now die, we now drop, in the field of battle, without pain or agony, and without even thinking of death.—Yes, Lord *Greville* was much in the wrong: let us be more just than his Lordship, and think ourselves infinitely indebted to him who devoted his time and labour, and perhaps risked or injured his health, in the discovery of that admirable secret, which enables us to dispatch each other in a manner so little painful.

Unlucky Days.

THE Spaniards are persuaded that Friday is an unlucky day; and though there be orders in every port for the departure of the King's ships on all days of the week, indiscriminately, yet most of the commanders avoid sailing on Fridays, either through complacency for the weak notions of the crews, from their own apprehensions of the malignant influence of Friday, or in short from an unwillingness to become responsible for the event.

To the common people in particular, this unfortunate day is big with tremendous horrors. If any person happens to fall sick on a Friday, it is the wicked Friday that occasioned the illness:

illness: when any one dies on a Friday, it was destructive Friday that gave death the signal to carry off the sick man: whoever is cast in a law-suit, lays all the blame on Friday; in short, the influence of unlucky Friday is accused of every cross accident and every misfortune that happens to a Spaniard.

This day, however, so much reprobated and defamed here, has had many patrons and admirers. It is the day sacred to *Venus*. *Sextus Quintus* was passionately fond of Friday, because it was his birth-day, the day of his promotion to the rank of Cardinal, of his election to the Papacy, and of his coronation. *Francis* the First declared that every thing succeeded with him on Friday. *Henry* the Fourth loved that day better than any other, because it was on Friday that he first saw the

D 4 beautiful

beautiful Marchioness of *Vernueil*, the greatest favourite of all his mistresses, after *Gabrielle D'Estrées*, whom he never could forget: he talked of her an hundred times a day; he had her picture continually about him, was kissing it continually, and, as it is said, had his lips imprinted on it at the very moment the horrid *Ravillac* pierced the benignant heart of that excellent monarch.

Rogation Week.

THE use of Rogation was introduced into *Spain* about the beginning of the seventh century. It was then nothing more than fasting and praying: now, the practice is to fast, pray, and walk in procession through the fields, blessing

blessing the trees, sprinkling the grass, and supplicating favourable weather.

This glorious discovery was owing to St. *Mamertus*, an old-clothes-man, at *Pontoise*, afterwards rector of St. *Thomas* of the *Louvre*, and, next, Bishop of *Babylon*. Before the days of the Prelate *Mamertus*, the whole affair of the weather was left to the management of God; and no one suspected that holy-water and prayers had the virtue of dissolving or dispersing clouds, of accelerating vegetation, giving colour to peaches, or ripening plumbs.

The Dutcheſs of ALVA.

NOT a single hair of the Dutcheſs of *Alva* but is capable of inspiring love and tender desires. Nothing can

D 5 equal

equal her beauty : it is impossible for painting to give any idea of her transcendent charms. Wherever she passes, the people flock to the window ; even the very children quit their sports and play-things to look at her.

The Finances, or Treasury.

NEW plans spring up every month ; the directors or managers are changed every hour ; and all the offices are turned topsy-turvy. There are rarely a thousand piastres in the treasury. The riches of the galleons are frequently expended before the ships have left *Vera Cruz* ; and oftentimes the sovereign of *Peru*, the master of the kingdom of gold, and the proprietor of *Quito*, *Cusco*, *Arequipa*, and *de Porco* ;
the

the man, in short, for whom two hundred thousand hands are rummaging the richest mines, coining piastres, or weighing gold, has not money enough to pay for the cards he plays with.

But what becomes of, or who is the dragon that guards the ingots, the immense sums which are continually flowing into *Spain* from *Chili* and *Mexico*? That money is sent to *France*, *Holland*, and *England*, and there converted into silks, muslins, necklaces, rings; and returns to *America* to adorn the necks, and sparkle on the fingers, of the pretty ladies of the new world.

The poverty of the royal treasury is not new in *Spain*. All *Europe* hath echoed with the fraudulent bankruptcy of *Philip* the Second. It is well known that *Ferdinand* the Third never had

D 6 money;

money; that *Philip* the Fourth borrowed wherever he could, and never paid any body; and that *Philip* the Fifth made money of every thing, sold all things, and would have sold the very air and water.

The King has lately established a treasury-board. Mr. *Gabarus*, a Frenchman, is at the head of it. All eyes are fixed upon the proceedings of Mr. *Gabarus*—he is a foreigner; consequently exposed to the malevolence of envy, which magnifies and multiplies what is wrong, extinguishes and destroys what is right, and poisons the nature of every thing.

Mr. *Gabarus* proposes, it is said, to draw up a clear account of the finances, after the manner of Mr. *Necker*. It is to be hoped that he will avoid his pathos and rhetorical flourishes:

Suicide.

Suicide.

IN the time of *Valerius Maximus*, poison was kept publicly at *Marseilles*, and given to all those, who, after explaining to the Senate their motives for wishing to destroy themselves, were permitted to indulge their inclination. The Senate considered their reasons with a degree of coolness and moderation, neither favourable to an indiscreet, nor contrary to a just and reasonable desire of death. After deliberation the votes were collected, and according to the majority, there was written on the petition: *The Senate enjoins you to live, or, The Senate permits you to die.*

In *Spain*, suicide is considered as it formerly was at *Marseilles*; a man that kills
him-

himself is not dragged upon a hurdle, and a stake driven through his body. The Spaniards look upon suicide as a matter of speculation, and think it as natural to go in quest of happiness to the other world, as to travel in search of fortune to the new world.

Many casuists, however, pretend, that a suicide robs the world of himself; that every one should wait his turn to die: but the greater number of Spanish divines and moralists are for permitting every unfortunate man to destroy himself, when he is tired of his existence, when life is painful, and nature and society refuse him that portion of fortune and happiness which is due to him. Let us copy the example of the Spaniards; let us burn our hurdles and stakes, and look upon the man who kills himself as a servant who quits

a master that does not pay him his wages.

The Cabinet and Last War.

PLANS conceived and begun, dilatory methods, designs half sketched, such has been the round which national pride, a multiplicity of inferior orders and subaltern authorities, have, for two centuries past,* been tracing about the different ministers: this is the circle in which custom has commanded them

* For several centuries, Spain has had ministers that were mere non-entities; the Count of FUENTES and the Duke of LERMA among others; but, above all, the Duke D'ACEDA, a man of straw, a weak and ignorant man, a mere figure of a man, well made enough, who, for thirty years that he continued minister, never could comprehend or guess by what accident or road, or for what purpose, he was placed at the head of affairs.

them to remain; such is the path chalked out for their successors, the scourge, the axe, and spade, if I may be allowed to term it so, which tear up, eradicate, and destroy, every seed, every plant, and every man in *Spain*.

This was the language of the last war; this was the reason why the ministers, generals, and officers, mutually charged each other with irresolution, ignorance, and neglect; why two hundred pieces of cannon, four ships of the line, two chebecs, five frigates, and three fire-ships, with eight thousand Spaniards, and six thousand savages, spent three whole months* in filling up and passing trenches, in
 throwing

* *The French employed much less time in taking Tobago, Essequibo, St. Vincent, the Grenades, St. Eustatia, Dominica, Berbice, and Demerari.*

throwing down dry walls, and destroying the bastions of *Pensacola*, *Bâton-Rouge*,* and *Mobile*.

This it was that kept twelve thousand men for four years in the intrenchments of *St. Rock*, in the Bay of *Gibraltar*; † some to grow old, to sleep, or play

* *The Garrison of Bâton-Rouge consisted of three hundred men, almost naked, and starving. The garrison of Pensacola was scarcely better supplied with provisions and clothes. Twenty men, in ten minutes, with two pieces of cannon, should have been sufficient to have taken Mobile, that was defended only by a few undisciplined citizens.*

† *At the time of the grand preparations for the Siege of Gibraltar, Mr. d'Arçon wrote as follows: "FOR WANT OF MEN THE WORKS GO ON " BUT SLOWLY." There were certainly more men than there was occasion for; but they were men without courage and vigour. According to a very moderate computation, all the expences of the*
siege

play at dice in their tents; others to amuse themselves in looking at floating-batteries, boats, feats of activity and strength, and other children's sports. To this must be added, the little reputation of the Spanish marine, the commercial spirit, eagerness to take prizes, and love of money, which reigned amongst the officers: we must likewise add, the decrepit age of the Vice-Admirals and Commodores, and the superstition of all the ships companies.

It was entertaining enough to see the ceremony of blessing the cannon-balls;

siege, being taken collectively, made each shot that was fired amount to a guinea; so that Spain expended about eight thousand pounds sterling per day, to stun General Eliott with a vain noise; which, being often dispersed by the winds, or lost in the air, did not even reach his ears.

balls ; all the soldiers, with their eyes fixed on, and their lips glued, from morning to night, to madonas, saints, beads, and crosses ; and to hear matins, vespers, and other pious offices repeated on board every day.

God forbid I should condemn any religious act ! Far be it from me to call in question the power of heaven, the imperial sway of the Virgin, or the influence of saints in the success of battles, the passage, direction, and efficacy of balls and bombs ! but God explained himself on these matters from the beginning of the creation. A hundred and a thousand times has he said himself, has he, through *Moses*, told *Sampson*, *Gideon*, the Kings of *Israel*, the chiefs and rulers of his own people, all the generals, officers, sailors, soldiers, and drummers of the world, to
pray

pray but little, always in a low voice, ever fighting, and ever standing.

Pilgrimages.

ALMOST all the inhabitants of *Madrid*, I mean the lower ranks, being, as it were, born pilgrims, pass their lives in going to and coming from *St. James of Compostella*, our Lady of *Montserrat*, our Lady of *Pilier*, and our Lady of *Loretto*. *Ganganelli*, who never presented his slipper to be kissed, without lifting up his shoulders, attempted to abolish all those pilgrimages. That philosophic Pontiff was fully convinced, that God, the Virgin-Mary, and Saints, despised all those vagabonds; he knew very well, also, that neither pardon, remission of sins, nor grace or favours, could ever be annexed to the walks

walks and pious excursions of an idle fellow on the high roads : and he was likewise satisfied, that the shells gathered on the borders of *Corunna*, near *Compostella*, do not more speedily or more radically cure disorders of the eyes, teeth, or ears, than the shells of oysters, muscles, or tortoises, that are to be found at *Cadiz*, *Concale-Bay*, *Malaga*, and *St. Malo*. From the windows of the *Vatican*, that Pope had seen pilgrims of both sexes leaping over the hedges, stealing poultry and fruits, spoiling and breaking down the corn and harvest, then retreating to the woods to hide themselves ; not remembering that *St. James* was looking at them with a watchful eye, and could see every thing through the branches of the trees.

Petit-

Petit-Maitres, or Femmy Jessamies.

now called Danes
HERE, as every where else, you will find gay, fashionable, and fine-dressed gentry, who, after the example of their brethren on the other side of the *Pyrenees*, have their dogs, their jockies, horses, debts, red heels, large hats, round shoulders, and short sight.

The folly of affecting blindness has been very predominant. Good eyes have become the property of the common people; and whilst a grenadier can, at a single glance, take an extensive view of the horizon round; whilst he can reckon the stars by night, his Captain and Lieutenant want glasses to examine their company, and have occasion for a dog, a guide, or a stick,

to

to find the way to the door of their lodging.

If, after having injured the retina, or optic nerve, a column of air should shatter the ear, and destroy the tympanum, then would the tunic, pupil, and ball of the eye clear up; the cataract would fall; opera-glasses, spectacles, and preservers vanish; every body would see clear, but no one would hear.

But, without any column of air, let only a deaf prince make his appearance, and your fashionable gentry will immediately be struck with deafness.

Some time ago, a great Lord who stammered in his speech, was bald, and hump-backed, arrived here; and, in one night's time, every back grew round
and

and protuberant, all tongues swelled, and not a head of hair was to be seen.

We have seen a similar revolution in *France*.—When the Queen lost her fine head of hair, after her first child, the ladies of the court immediately cut off theirs, and adopted the cap then known by the name of the *child's cap*.

“ Were a plague,” says *Gordon*,
 “ ever to attack crowned heads, every
 “ body would be impatient to have it;
 “ and all who caught it not, would
 “ boast of having it.”

Compliments.

WHEN our fore-fathers happened to meet, they embraced and saluted each other with, *God preserve you*. In *France*, *Lettres-de-cachet* still conclude with

with *Je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte garde* ; that is to say, I pray God to keep you under his sacred protection. In *Spain*, missive letters, billets, or *esquelas*, end thus : *Dios guarde à usted*. Spanish compliments have suffered no change nor alteration since the expulsion of the Moors. In a company of a hundred, each person addresses the other in the same manner as was then customary, saying, "I am rejoiced to see
 "that you are well : " *Me allegro de ver
 che usted sta bueno*.—The reply is, *Viva
 usted muchos annos, mille annos* : "Long life
 "to you ;" or, "Long may you live." This brings to my remembrance a pleasant circumstance that happened. A Spaniard, who was heir to a rich uncle, was present at opening and reading the will : at every article the grateful nephew repeated, sobbing and sighing,

E

Mi tio,

Mitio, viva usted muchos annos: "My dear
"uncle, may you live many years!"
but the dear uncle was buried the day
before.

The Eve of a great Festival.

IT is very diverting to see the people,
on the eve of any great festival, be-
sieging the churches and confession-
boxes.

It would be no easy task to reckon
the number of kicks and cuffs that are
interchanged in less than a quarter of
an hour. But what completes the ab-
surdity of this entertaining scene, is the
arrival of some great man, *hidalgo*,
or gentleman, who, attended by a
lacquey carrying a cushion, opens his
way through the crowd, separates the
combatants, and enters the confession-
box

box first, where, kneeling on his cushion, he may confess at his ease, and repent commodiously.

The designs of the Almighty are inscrutable; his heaven is his own, and he may lodge whom he pleases therein. But the Muffulman, who grows hoarse, crying *Alla, Alla*; the Talapoin, who sticks his buttocks full of pins; the Marabout, who goes limping; and the Santon, who looks to see whether the end of his nose be red, green, or black; and *Queen's-hair ladies*, or *Gentlemen fashionably-blind*, appear to me as worthy of passing their eternity in the palace of God, as the religious Spaniard, who quarrels and fights whilst he is waiting for absolution.

Dungeons.

THE dungeons are not only darker and closer than ours; but those who are thrown into them are so well secured, that they cannot absolutely stir. In the prisons of *Madrid* I saw three smugglers chained down in this manner; and perhaps, whilst I am speaking of them, those three wretches are still in the same situation.

And yet, it is said, the Spaniards are not cruel.

Academies.

WITHIN this century some academies have been established in *Spain*. That for the Spanish Language is in the highest

highest reputation. The academicians meet twice a week: the members are twenty four in number; among whom are distinguished MM. de *Campomanès*, *San-Mariego*, *Moratin*, &c.

Some years ago an Œconomic Society was instituted at *Madrid*, under the title of *Societad de los Amigos del Pays*, or the *Society of the Friends of the Country*. The object of this institution was the encouragement of agriculture and industry.

Madrid is not the only city where academies are established: there is one at *Seville*, and another at *Barcelona*; but these two academies are in no esteem.

The establishment of a School for Painting is talked of. *Spain* has produced some good painters; among

other, *Velasques*. An artist of *Arragon* is the most celebrated painter of *Madrid*.

The Cabinet for Natural History daily increases. The collection of fossils, shells, minerals, and medals is immense. The Court supports naturalists at *Mexico*, *Macao*, and *Lima*.

Madrid has an Academy for Surgery; but that science hath made so little progress in *Spain*, that it would be better, in a manner, to break a leg elsewhere, than prick a finger there.

Sharpers.

UNHAPPY is the traveller who enters *Madrid* without letters of recommendation, but well supplied with cash! He is immediately surrounded
by

by artful fycophants, who, in a fortnight, leave him without a shirt.

Sharping gamblers are no where sufficiently reprobated: the only justice exercised upon them is to avoid playing with them; which is more like precaution than contempt. The law should stigmatise those knaves: cards should be hung round their necks, and dice pendent at their ears; and they should then be led to the market-place, and obliged to play picquet with the hangman.

Physicians.

THE medical art hath made so little progress in *Spain*, that when a person falls sick there, it is useless to send for a physician; he may as well take the advice of a taylor.

Order me verdigrease; spare my friend the mortification of seeing me suffer; let me beg of you to dispatch me quickly. This might be properly said to all the Spanish physicians, and perhaps to all others of the profession in the world.

How easy it would be for me to relate what I have seen at *Madrid*, in *Paris*, at *Berlin*, and in every place where I have been!

What a number of young people, how many useful men and charming women, would now be living but for the doctors! But for them *K——* would be still alive; she would still be the joy of my life: she has been dead two years, and next month she would have been twenty.

If it be true, that the dead can sometimes arise from their tombs, *K——*! leave thine, it is midnight:
it

it is the hour of the dead. I call upon thee:—come, I am waiting for thee. O God! permit her to come. O K——! come, I conjure thee, come to my room. I want to see thee, and tell thee a thousand things: I want to show thee all that thou hast given me; I have lost none of them; I have preserved them all: I still have, and ever shall keep, thy picture, thy letters, thy little knife, thy *étui*, thy hat and flowers, and the orange which thou wert sucking the moment before thy death.

Crosses.

WHEN a murder is committed on the highway, a cross is fixed on the spot where the body is found. It would be better to erect a scaffold there:

E 5

it

it is less interesting to travellers and others concerned, to perpetuate the remembrance of a murder, than to put people in mind of the punishment annexed to it.

Nuns.

NONE but the God of Assassins can receive the sacrilegious vows of a young nun : they are vows murderous to posterity ; yet there are thirty nunneries in *Madrid*.

It is the heat of the climate, the influence of the monks, and the penitential tribunal, that people the cloisters in *Spain*.

From the age of twelve or thirteen, a Spanish girl begins to feel certain feverish fits of love : she is already agitated and tormented with ideas,
panting

panting and burning with desires in the evening, and particularly at night. She opens her soul to her confessor.

Misrepresentation of the scriptures, mutilated passages, revelations, miracles, and every stratagem is used to mislead the poor girl. If she will believe the monk, it is God that is calling her, seeking her, and wishing to have her to himself; it is *God's malady* that torments her: to recover, and be at ease, she must take the veil—The unfortunate creature is prevailed on, and takes it.

The desires increase to ten-fold, to an hundred-fold, shortly: the head is filled with images, the blood boils, the veins swell with liquid fire: but she is past relief; the gates of the world are closed for ever; she must renounce the society of man; she must die be-

tween four walls; flaming, calcined with desires, which neither fasting, mortification, singing of hymns, nor the enjoyment of God, angels, and saints, in her dreams, can satisfy, moderate, or extinguish. Such is the vocation, life, torments, and death of the nuns of *Madrid*, of the nuns of the whole universe.

Ye Sovereigns, unite! throw open these dungeons of religion! From the depths of their cells these unhappy females, with bended knees, supplicate your pity: restore them to the world, to love, to life; and suffer not a million of women to be shut up, to fly from us, and pass their days in continual desires, regret, prayers, and tears, in imploring continence, and soliciting eternity.

Lettres

Lettres de Cachet.

EVERY body knows what in *France* are called *dungeons*, *strong castles*, and *citadels*, &c. In *Spain* it is exactly the same. There are state-prisoners, turn-keys, deep and wide ditches, thick walls, and, in fine, regular dungeons. There are, also, *Lettres de Cachet*, signed, *Io el Rey*, "I the King;" and, underneath, *Musquitz*.*

These castles are places of pleasure, when compared with ours. The prisoners are well lodged, well fed, and may walk from morning to night upon a large platform, which commands a view of all the neighbouring parts, and whence one may reckon every spot on the moon.

The

* Prime Minister.

The governors of these places have the reputation of being the best of men.

The confined air sometimes puts one out of humour; but if, which I do not doubt, Messrs. *Linguet* and *Mirabeau* have said true, I should congratulate myself on my good fortune. I passed a fourth part of a winter at *Lourde*; and, thanks to a fine prospect, good air, and in particular to Mr. *de Maignol*,* the time did not seem more than twenty-four hours.

I quitted *Lourde*, however, and set off without taking leave; I don't know for what reason; I was well enough there; I have often repented my precipitate departure. — Mr. *Maignol*, I pray, be not angry with me.

A foldier

* *The Governor of Lourde.*

A soldier was thrown into the dungeon. I believe he has since been removed to some other place; I should be glad to know where he is, and would willingly make him a small present: I wish he knew it, and would write to me; he should have an immediate answer.

Wax Tapers.

THE ridiculous custom of having a number of tapers lighted round a corpse, is as common here as in *France*. Not only the dead, who can see nothing, are insensible of the honour done them; but these burning tapers heat the apartment, corrupt the air, may fall, set fire to the house, and burn a whole city.

A few

A few days ago a man died; the room he lay in was immediately lighted up with a number of tapers: whilst those who watched the corpse were gone to dinner, one of the tapers fell upon the bed, set it on fire; and, in an hour's time, bed, corpse, room, and great part of the house were reduced to ashes.

Let us abolish the use of burning candles round the dead, and in churches. Lighted tapers are of no use; the daylight is sufficient; and the sun alone, when it shines, should have the privilege of lighting us.

Old Men.

I KNOW not whether temperance be the cause of their longevity; but, let it be what it will, the inhabitants of *Madrid*

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rid live to a greater age than we do ; and old-age, also, disfigures and affects them less. I frequently see men of eighty walking without a cane, and reading without spectacles ; nor are any wrinkles to be observed, but when they are laughing or eating.

Though the Spaniards have a great affection for their relations, they do not appear to be much afflicted at the death of a father or mother, when they die old : the loss of a young brother or sister affects them more sensibly : they think the death of an old man a thing quite natural.

The Spaniards themselves, when they come to a certain age, think justly on the matter : they allow, that they are suffered to live so long by a peculiar indulgence and favour, and talk
of

of their death as they would of a letter they expected every day to receive.

Churches.

THE churches of *Madrid* are extremely magnificent; gold and silver shine in profusion on the walls and altars, and hang resplendent from the roof. A noble city might be built with the riches concealed in the vestries.

After the battle of *Saragossa*, Lord *Stanhope*, who commanded the English forces, went to see the treasures of the Virgin Mary of *Pilier*. On leaving the church he was heard to say: "*Though the treasures of all the kings of Europe were to be collected together, they would not be equal to the half of this.*"

This

This treasure is, indeed, considered greater than any other that is known. There are four angels of silver, with wings of gold, set with stars of sapphires. The Virgin's crown is solid gold; her necklace, bracelets, and diamonds for the hair, are estimated at upwards of two millions sterling.

Among the articles of the treasure is an immense number of gold and silver hands, arms, and legs, given to the Virgin in payment for her miracles. There are an hundred and ninety-five silver lamps, and as many candlesticks and incense-boxes.

But all these riches are nothing when compared to the grand *Custode*, which they make use of in carrying the large host, on the festival of the Holy Sacrament. The circumference of the sun
and

and its rays is as large as one of the wheels of my chaise. The rays are of solid gold, and profusely adorned with emeralds. The chalice is on a silver pedestal, three feet high. The whole *Custode* weighs 500 lb. and rests on a golden base. No goldsmith or jeweller has been able to estimate the value of this *Custode*. It is the gift of an Archbishop of *Seville*.

Every body wondered how that archbishop could amass so much money; but it has been since discovered, that a brother of his died in *Peru*, and left him immense sums.

What mines might be opened in the vestry of our Lady of *Pilier*, in that of the Virgin of *Loretto*, and of all the Madonas in the Christian world!

Let us open these mines, and no longer continue to shut up God be-
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between four walls! However rich in gold, how extensive soever a church may be, it is but a dungeon or manger to him. Let us demolish all our churches, and meet together in a plain sometimes, at other times at the foot of a rock; and there, once a month only, let us pray and sing, and make the air resound with the music of our organs: the rest of the month let us labour, mind our different occupations, and think no more about God than if he did not exist. We may be assured that he will be delighted to see us continually at work, without neglect or inattention.

The Police.

EVERY quarter of *Madrid* is subject to the inspection of a commissary

missary or justice, who decides, without appeal, all the quarrels and disputes among the common people.

Quarrels are unfrequent here. A Spaniard is in general not only sober, but even his inebriation is peaceful; when he drinks to excess, he goes to sleep.

It is imagined in *France*, that every day one or two murders are committed in *Madrid*: it is a false notion; the Spaniards are much less depraved than people imagine, and much less addicted to jealousy than is generally supposed: they are often the first to laugh at their own misfortune in that respect, and will say, jocularly, "*The golden age and silver age are passed; we are now in the horn age.*"

The

The police has also its spies; but these spies are always some of the dregs of the people, as they are every where else; and when *Mercier* said that many persons of quality acted as spies in *Paris*, he did not properly consider what he was saying.

The safety of the highways is intrusted to *miquelets*, a sort of runners, whose business it is to seize robbers, carry them to prison, escort them to the gallows, and conduct *Jack Ketch* back to his house.

Servants.

SERVANTS wait at table in their waistcoats, and their hair in papers: they are so dirty, that one is afraid to call for bread or drink; their ugliness is enough

enough to frighten one ; and they are so little, and so stunted as it were, that they look like unfinished beings.

A long train of domestics is the luxury and pride of Spaniards ; they are the worse served by that means. I have no where seen any servants more slow, awkward, and ignorant : they break every thing they lay their hand on, know nothing of dressing, or even tying up the hair properly ; are two hours making a bed, and yet make it so badly that it requires to be made again : if they are sent with a letter any where, they do not return until they are sent for : they bring back no answer ; they either lose it by the way, or forget it before they come back.

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Inns, or Houses of Entertainment.

CICERO, in writing to his friend *Atticus*, expresses himself in these words:

"It is a pleasure to travel. Ever since
"I left Rome, I have not slept one night
"at an inn: the most illustrious families
"of Calabria, Sicily, and Spain, re-
"ceive me with the greatest hospitality.
"Wherever I stop, I find my plate laid,
"a bed ready; and in every house I am
"considered as one of the family."

Since the death of *Cicero*, things are much altered in *Spain*: there is not a single man in the country that will offer a bed and a supper to a traveller: he must purchase and pay for every thing; and even so he will be lucky if he can find what he wants, for that is very rarely the case in *Spain*. The inn-

F

keepers

keepers there scarcely furnish any thing but boards and walls : travellers who would wish to sleep and eat, must carry their bed and provisions along with them.

The inns and houses of entertainment are not better supplied : they are kept by Milanese. Bohemians or *Gataynos* keep the public-houses on the roads.

In a country where a Jew is not considered as a human being, it is surprising that Bohemians are suffered ; a vagabond unsettled race, who are, properly, of no country.

An account of the origin of this people is a work that is wanting : it would be interesting to know the reason of their going to *Spain* ; why the Spaniards suffer them to remain in the country ;

country; and, in short, whence they came.

Some will have it, that they came from *Wallackia*; others trace their origin from *Egypt*; and others, again, insist, that they are descended from a race of Tartars, who, having no fixed place of abode, after traversing *Asia*, crossed over into *Europe*, settled there, married, and brought up families.

It were to be wished, that M. *de Keralio*, formerly Major of the Military School, who so deeply investigated the origin of the Cimbri and Swedes, would indulge the public with his thoughts on the Bohemians.

It is not my wish to have a dispute with any one:—I am not acquainted with Mr. *Barretti*: I believe him to be a very worthy acquaintance; and his

Journey to Spain pleased me much : but, when he says that all the Bohemian women are prostitutes, Mr. *Baretti* must have been either out of humour, or misinformed.

At an inn, where virtue is in a manner exposed to continual attacks and struggles ; in a climate where chastity is nearly impossible ; the Bohemian women are not, certainly, nuns : but, in order to conciliate their love, a man must be assiduous in his attention to them ; must possess the art of pleasing them ; must be furnished with Mr. *Baretti* was not, perhaps, furnished with what was necessary.

Be that as it may, these Bohemians are very pretty : almost all of them have a certain originality of form ;
the

the form and features of genius, if I may be allowed the expression, that one meets with no where else, and which can be compared to no other. The charms by which they are particularly distinguished, are elegance of figure, and beautiful breasts: the summit of *Zurat* does not surpass the latter in whiteness: it is a pity that they hide them under an ugly handkerchief, that is of no use. It is a pity, likewise, that they dress their heads and put on their clothes with so little taste. There is no contrast more striking than a pretty woman, whose head, and the rest of her person, are ill-dressed: I appeal to the connoisseurs, if it would not be better to see nothing on her head, her hair hanging negligently down her shoulders, and her body naked.

F 3

Cap-

* *A mountain covered with snow.*

Captivating, however, as the Bohe-
mians may be, give me the inns of
France: pretty figures and pretty breasts
are to be found there too; and, along
with them, an excellent supper and
good bed.

Wine.

THE wine of *La Mancha*, and par-
ticularly the wine of *Valdepenes*, is what
is generally drunk here. It is much
esteemed, and said to be excellent:
for my part I do not like it; it has a
taste of sulphur and tar: it is strong
and heady: a single glass of it would
make me drunk. I would not, for
any consideration, drink it without a
mixture of water: it is so black and
thick, that it might be used instead of
ink, upon occasion.

Colleges.

Colleges.

THE Spanish government maintains a large body of masters and professors ; who, the same as in *France*, by stuffing the heads of their pupils with Latin words, Greek roots, and Arabick verses, act not unlike madmen, who would fill their apartments so full of rags, as to leave no room for necessary furniture.

You who have children, send them no more to college. All those words in *us*, *os*, and *as*, crack the head, and genius evaporates through. Keep your children, then, at home : preceptors teach nothing ; neither form nor change any thing.* Moral education is a

F 4

thing

* Surely the Author forgot himself here : a moment's reflexion would have sufficed to convince him, that

thing impossible, is an absurd thing.—
Without any foreign assistance, the soul
expands itself, and grows according as
the body increases in size.

We are all born good or bad; and
no education whatever has any more
influence on the qualities or propen-
sities of our heart, than the air has
power to alter the colour of our hair.*

The

*that many children are regularly taught to pick
pockets, steal, and rob, and close their career at the
gallows, who, with proper education and example,
might have been useful, and even ornamental mem-
bers of society.*

* *The absurdity of this doctrine is of itself
sufficient to prevent its pernicious effects. Every
reader's own experience must demonstrate the ridi-
culous fallacy of such principles.*

*We all know, and all lament, the evil conse-
quences resulting from the ignorance of the lower
ranks*

The Siesta, or Afternoon's-nap.

FROM one to three in the afternoon, all the streets of *Madrid* are as solitary as a desert; the tradesmen shut their shops, the mechanics quit their work, and every body lies down to sleep.

When the weather is fine, the King goes a hunting immediately after dinner; if it happens to rain, he lies down to sleep, surrounded by his guards, who likewise take their nap.

From time immemorial the *siesta* has been customary in *Spain*. The Spaniards inherited from the Saracens

F 5 and

ranks of people, who have not the means of procuring proper instruction for their children. Socrates, so justly celebrated for his integrity and wisdom, has confessed, himself, that he was born with the most vicious propensities, but that he conquered them all by resolution and perseverance.

and Moors an invincible predilection for sleep. The heat of the climate has no share in contributing to this custom: in *Caffraria*, and on the coast of *Guinea*, it is near ten times as hot as in *Madrid*; and the inhabitants of those places, and the negroes burning under the torrid zone, generally sleep very little.

It is the physicians expressly recommend the afternoon's nap: their continual advice to the Spaniards is, "*Sleep often, and sleep much.*" They assert, that *Galen* and *Hippocrates* usually lay down after dinner; and that then *Esculapius* himself slept an hour or two.

Whether *Hippocrates* or *Galen* slept or not, I really cannot pretend to say; nor is it of any consequence to me. It is, however, a certain fact, the custom

custom of taking a *siesta* is of great antiquity. It is well known that *Augustus* took his nap after dinner; but it is equally well known that *Augustus* generally dined very late; that he sat a long while at table; and that at the dessert he was so completely drunk, that he was incapable of articulating a word, of distinguishing the dishes and plates, his knife, his guests, or his glass: *Augustus* was therefore in the right to go to bed.

But the Spaniards, who dine at noon, who eat in a hurry, swallow their food without mastication, and drink very little, would do well to take a walk or dance when they get up from table.

Let us follow Mr. *Tiffot's* advice: let us sleep but little, be alive as long as we can, and, during a life of three

F 6 weeks,

weeks, let us not sleep, and be as it were dead for a fortnight.

General Hospital.

THE beds here have no curtains, the mattresses are filled with chopped straw, and the soup is made of stinking meat.

This hospital is four times too little for the number of patients received: there is but one ward. Those that are recovering, the dead, and the dying, lie together.

I have seen in the same bed, between two corpses, a patient who was well enough to eat, to answer me, and sit up in the bed. When I went in, they were nailing down a coffin in one corner; in another, they were sewing up a winding-sheet; and three dead bodies
had

had been just thrown out of the window.

One of the prettiest faces I ever saw in my life, is that of a Grey Sister that attends this hospital: she is somewhat pale; but I looked at her so earnestly, that she blushed, and became enchanting.

Heaths and Waste Lands.

THREE fourths of *Spain* are uncultivated, because the Spaniards would much rather beg than till the ground.

Foreigners are in vain invited to settle there: not only they never gain sufficient numbers, but the climate is too hot for them; the Inquisition plagues them; and the taxes and duties of every kind oblige them to return
to

to their own country. The present Monarch has done every thing in his power to encourage agriculture: he has instituted premiums, but without any beneficial effect: people are expecting every day to see him begin cultivating himself a corner of one of his own parks. That would be the only way to conquer the national prejudice, which looks upon tilling the land as a disgraceful occupation.

What! a King of *Spain* turn husbandman! And why not? Hear *Cyrus*:
“*I, alone,*” says he, “*have measured,*
“*dug, and sowed, the large garden I*
“*have at the gate of Babylon; and,*
“*when I am well, I never dine until I*
“*have laboured a couple of hours with my*
“*gardeners: if there is nothing to be*
“*done in my garden, I split wood, draw*
“*water, or labour in my orchard.*” *Charles*
the

the Third will, I hope, follow the example of *Cyrus*. *Alphonfus* the Third or Fourth, I have forgot which, was called the *Astronomer* and *Alchymist*; *Charles* the Third will be furnamed the *Husbandman* or *Farmer*. Telescopes and bottles have been engraved on the tomb of *Alphonfus*; on that of *Charles* will be drawn sheafs of wheat, and other grain. It is of more use to feed his people, than to tell the number of stars, to be blowing charcoal, and wallowing in ashes.

Vegetables.

ALL vegetables, in general, are much better in *Spain* than in *France*; asparagus, in particular, grows to an immense size, and has a most delicious flavour.

One

One thing is very extraordinary: onions, and other bulbous plants, that require every where else a dry and light soil, thrive best in soft and aquatic grounds.

Ye lazy inhabitants of *Madrid*, who are so fond of your beds, follow my example; rise with the dawn; come and awake the birds; come with me, and walk through the markets: we shall there enjoy a charming prospect; we shall see fruits and flowers of every kind; we shall see the country girls with complexions somewhat brown and sun-burnt, but of lovely form, and most charming to follow.

It is a pity that these country-girls plat and tie up their hair on the top of the head: * this has an ungraceful appearance;

* *As in the canton of Fribourg, and the principality of Halberstadt.*

appearance ; I would almost rather wish to see them wear a bag or a queue.

Misers.

AVARICE is the favourite passion of the Spaniards. If there were any country where one might say money was become a part of the people themselves, it must be *Spain*. You will find many there who would rather part with their blood than a *piecette*.*

Alphonfus, King of *Arragon*, the most liberal man of the age in which he lived, detested and abhorred avarice. When he heard of any miser, remarkable for parsimony, he sent for him, and obliged him, sometimes, to give away all he had amassed ; at other times, to carry
two

* A coin of the principality of *Neuschâtel*, of the value of two-pence half-penny.

two hundred weight of money to a particular place; and, on other occasions, he ordered a hat of solid gold, which he kept in his closet, to be set on his head, and then obliged him to walk in the sun for several hours together.

Guitar.

THE Moors introduced the guitar into *Spain*—it is the favourite instrument of the Spaniards. Men and women, old and young, all play the guitar here.

The Guitar serves as an interpreter to lovers who dare not declare their love; and who, in order to prove it, are every night under the windows of their mistresses, singing, sighing, and tinkling the guitar.

This

This instrument has a most delightful effect at night. I don't know whether I shall be believed; but, if serenading and music be so pleasing by night, and if the harmony is so fine, it is, in my opinion, because the night is of the party.

Marriage.

AT *Sparta* the women met every year in the temple of *Venus*, where they scourged all unmarried men above a certain age. If this law of *Lycurgus* were to be revived in *Spain*, *Madrid* could not furnish hands and rods enough to flog all the bachelors.

Spain is the country where matrimony is least frequent. The parish registers show that the number of marriages

riages annually decreases. In ten years more it will be much less; and the men, in time, will not marry at all: they will take successively one, two, or three mistresses; keep them whilst they are young, handsome, and agreeable; and leave them when they are no longer pleasing.

The names of father, mother, husband, and child, will be out of fashion; their meaning will be lost; and the State will become the common father of all.

Old Castille, allowing for the proportion, is the province of *Spain* where there are fewest marriages; and, moreover, those who do marry, take such precautions to avoid getting children, that they have none.

In *Spain*, and every where else, marriage should become a civil contract,

that

that might be renewed or annulled every year. If the married pair were satisfied at the end of the year, they might continue married; if they did not agree, each should be at liberty to take away what he or she brought, provide themselves with partners elsewhere, and the children be divided between them. The mother should have the choice of the children; as it is she has had the trouble of bearing them, and she alone that suffers in bringing them into the world—she has a just right to such a choice.

If, at the moment a marriage was to be renewed or dissolved, the wife happened to be with child, nothing should be done 'till after her delivery.

Rivers.

Rivers.

EXCEPT the *Guadalquivir*, *Spain* has not a single river that is navigable; and yet all of them might be made so, at no very great expence. From *Aranjuez* to the frontiers of *Portugal*, the *Tagus* might easily carry boats and barges. By collecting all the springs and streams which flow from the mountains, whence the *Mançaranes* falls, a canal might be formed for carrying the baggage of the court: and this canal would serve at the same time for conveying stones necessary for building. It would be very easy to open a regular navigation from *Andujar* to *Madrid*; and, besides this, another communication might be made between *Cadiz* and the interior parts of the kingdom.

All

All these plans have been laid before, by Messrs *Gautier* and *Mariti*, natives of *France*.

Spain is indebted to foreigners for almost all her designs, her useful alterations, and the knowledge she has had occasion for.

The manufacture of *Aranjuez*, which furnishes the largest looking-glasses in *Europe*, was established by an Irishman. Frenchmen introduced the silk-manufactures of *Valencia*.

It is a society of Frenchmen that have undertaken to carry on the salt-petre works of *Arragon*: it is another of the same nation, who is losing his time, labour, and money, in searching the mines of *Guadal* canal.*

The

* *That work is discontinued.*

The Canal of *Castille* owes the first success of its works to the talents of Mr. *Le Maure*, a native of *France*: it is the same Mr. *Le Maure* who is now labouring to improve the principal roads of *Spain*. It was a Frenchman, named *Mariti*, who some years ago made great improvements in the artillery and foundery of *Seville*. The marine wanting reformation as much as the artillery, *Spain* solicited *France* for a ship-builder: Mr. *Gautier* was sent. It is likewise to foreigners that the Spaniards owe the plan and execution of the canals of *Murcia* and *Arragon*.

The only useful institution of which the Spaniards can boast, for a century past, is a *Misericordia*, or Hospital, established at *Saragossa*, where all beggars that are in health are fed and lodged,

lodged, if they will but spin or card wool. This hospital was founded by the beneficent care of the Marquis d'Agerba, Don Martin Goicochea, and Don Ramonda Pignatelli Canonico Mora.

Dancing.

DANCING is the amusement of the Spaniards; nevertheless they do not dance well. Excepting the Fandango, their Balls, which have no meaning, and resemble nothing of the kind, remind us of the skipping and capering of the Royal Prophet, which made Lady David say, "*Though he is so great*
" a friend with the Almighty, so good a
" player on the harp, and secretary to the
" Holy Ghost, my husband, for all that,
" is a mountebank without grace, who
 Vol. II. G " ought

“ought to blush for dancing so awkwardly.”

Flagellants.

IN almost every town in *Spain* there is a society of Flagellants, who meet every Friday, in a large apartment close to a church. These Flagellants there form a line, shut the windows, sing the *Miserere*; and, whilst they are singing, each brother in turn lashes and lacerates the shoulders of his neighbour.

If men alone were to lash themselves, it would be no great matter: a man may lash himself and bruise his flesh without danger: yellow and livid skin, covered with hair, is fit to bear it: the bruises are hid, and the stripes quickly disappear; but nuns, charming
ing

ing young novices, get out of bed at night, on purpose to whip themselves! What a pity!

Manuscripts.

IF we will take their own word for it, the Spaniards possess the most ancient and authentic manuscripts in the world.

I have been seriously assured, that the canons of *Valladolid* had a manuscript account of the clothes, furniture, and other effects, found after the deluge. It is surprising that Father *Macedo*, a Spanish Jesuit, makes no mention of this manuscript, in his remarks on that event.

Morning.

THE country round *Madrid* is delightful. I have been up since four o'clock : the orchestra of the air had just begun. How delicious, how beautiful the morning is, when it has rained over-night ! It rained last night : the leaves are grown one half : there are flowers and nosegays every where : the trees and plains are perfumed : the air is so sweet, it is a heaven upon earth. I have already walked two leagues beyond the gates. It is in the morning we should walk : we do not fatigue ourselves then : the dew refreshes ; the moisture of the earth gives new ideas, and assists reflexion. In walking in the heat of the day, we think of nothing. The ground burns : we are
afraid

afraid to touch it: it resounds under our feet.—Yes; it is in the morning we must live: it is the infancy, the spring of day, the happy time of life.—Yes; morning, sweet delicious morning, I am fond of life for thy sake!

Veils.

NO Spanish female, of any rank whatever, goes out on foot without being veiled. Several causes are assigned for wearing veils in *Spain*. Some say it is on account of the heat of the climate; others attribute the custom to coquetry, or modesty. One might lay a wager, and it would be a safe one, that coquetry is the cause.

Popeia, who was a charming creature, and far from modest, wore a veil that covered one half of her face,

to excite, doubtless, a stronger desire to see the rest : and so true it is that we are most desirous of seeing what is concealed, that if women usually went quite naked, and only covered one of their fingers, it is that finger we would wish most to see.

Sentences of the Inquisition.

NOTHING is more iniquitous than the sentences passed by the Inquisition : the man who is burnt, is frequently ignorant of the cause of burning him. Like the mutes of the *Grand Seigneur*, the Judges of the Inquisition often put men to death without speaking to them.

The figures of those who are condemned by the Inquisition are hung up in the churches. The temples of *Spain* are full of those horrid pictures ; and
when

when we expect to see over the great altar, a Saint *Magdalen*, a *Theresa*, or the Wedding of *Cana*, our eyes are sickened to behold a pile of blazing faggots; and a young girl, a child, or an old man, expiring in the flames.

The name of the victim is written under each portrait. There are some celebrated names among them. I have read the name of *John Ponce of Leon*, son of *Rodolphus Ponce of Leon*, Count de *Baylen*; that of *Lewis Gonsalvo*, Canon of *Toledo*; of *John Hernandez*, Coadjutor of *Seville*; and of *Christopher Lofada*, Physician to *Lewis Rojas*, son of Count *Rojas*, who drove the Imperialists out of *Madrid*, and shared with Prince *Vendome* in the honour of the victory of *Villaviciosa*.

You will find the names of several foreigners there; among others, that

of *John Charus*, who, being carried to the Inquisition, in order to obtain his liberty, was obliged to abjure the religion he thought the best.

The Canon *Marsollier*, author of the Life of Cardinal *Ximenes*, and of that of *Henry the Eighth of England*, has written the History of the Inquisition; in which not a single word is to be found of what I have been saying; but this Canon, pensioned by the Court of *Spain* for telling lies, most assuredly told them.

But the Inquisition never sacrificed any victim more interesting than *Cornelia Boborquia*, daughter of the Marquis of *Boborquia*, Governor of *Valencia*.

Nothing could equal the beauty of *Boborquia*. The Archbishop of *Seville* saw her, and fell in love with her: he
wanted

wanted to satiate his passion: *Boborquia* would not comply. Enraged at the disappointment, he gave her up to the Inquisition: she was condemned and burned as a heretic. She invoked God to the last moment: she cried out from the midst of the flames, that she loved and feared him, and that she saw him stretching out his hands to receive her.

Henry the Fourth was assassinated; and *Torquemada*, *Ferdinand*, and *Isabella*, the inventors of the Inquisition, all three died quietly in their beds!

The Prado.

OF all the walks about *Madrid*, the *Prado* is the most frequented. There, every Sunday, when the weather is fine,

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the women go to display their finery, and the men to admire what nature has made the best to embellish and cheer the heart of man, which, without women, would be a very stupid affair.

The *Prado* is adorned with walks and fountains. It is a pity it is so ill watered, that there is so much dust, and so many prostitutes. Under every tree, on every bench, there are covies of them to be found, who, increasing at every step, seem to rise out of the earth.

In a well-regulated city, prostitutes should have a particular walk to themselves; they should likewise have a place assigned them at plays and all public amusements; a particular seat at church, and a separate quarter to live in. This custom was formerly
established

established in *England*: one cannot well conceive what could induce *Henry* the Eighth to abolish it. In the preceding reigns, girls of the town all lived in the Borough of *Southwark*. *Henry* the Second made very wise regulations with respect to these girls. They may be seen in *Stow's Survey of London*.

The Virgin Mary of Atocha.

THIS Madona is the rival of the Virgin of *Pilier*: some say she works more miracles, others say less; opinions are divided about the matter: be that as it may, an hundred lamps of gold or silver are continually burning before her; and the Clerk assured me, that one year with another the oil-merchant's bill is at least five hundred guineas.

Though much celebrated, and very ancient, it is not however a great while since the Virgin of *Atocha* has been known in *Spain*. She came originally from *Arabia*, where she made a great noise in the time of St. *Epiphanius*, who speaks of her as a virgin consummately skilled in the science of miracles.

Of all the Madonas which I have seen, the Virgin of *Atocha* is that which the carver has taken most pains with. As she is always dressed in a very large cloak, and her robe covers her feet, it is not easy to judge of her proportions; but her figure is charming. Unfortunately for the lovers of the arts, the smoke of the lamps spoils her complexion.

Orders

Orders of Knighthood.

NOTHING is more astonishing to a stranger than the indignant manner in which the Knights of St. James, St. Charles, with those of Montesa, Alcantara, &c. are treated here. On pain of being rolled in the kennel, every Knight, in walking the streets, is obliged to give the wall to the lowest rustic or plebeian who requires it: so that these orders, which were instituted to reward courage, are now fallen into such contempt, that men of spirit will not accept of them.

The Order of the Torch has been abolished in *Spain*: it should have continued, as it preserved the remembrance of an interesting event, and perpetuated the memory of those gallant

lant females of *Tortosa*, who defended their city at the expence of their lives, and drove away the enemy.

Spain reckons many heroic females. After the siege of *Leucate*, the French, who were victorious, found forty-four women in the soldiers uniform.

When the Saracens, after conquering *Navarre*, crossed the *Pyrenées*, and ravaging *Gascony*, arrived at *Cordova* to defend it, *Sancho* never had conquered them but for a woman of *Navarre*, who killed their general.

Every country, however, has produced women of courage.

Towards the close of the last century, the Chinese revolted. *Iunkia*, one of the principal officers in the service of the Emperor, fled for shelter to his mother: that spirited woman refused
to

to speak to him. “ *I had rather,*” said she, “ *have had no son, than one who disgraces me; let him begone; I will not see him.*”

The historian who may hereafter notice the troubles of *Geneva*, will not, doubtless, forget that the female inhabitants of that city wished to defend it; and, had their advice been followed, Lake *Leman* would have been covered with dead bodies and ruins, instead of arms and helmets.

Whoever shall undertake to write the history of *Geneva*, I am ready to furnish him with notes—I will communicate all that I have seen—I will tell him what I heard a woman say to her husband, on taking off his helmet, and putting it on her own head: “ *My dear, you put it on wrong; it is thus it must be worn.*”

Souls

Souls in Purgatory.

GUICCIARDINI says, that formerly, there were offices in every street of *Rome*, which were let out to the highest bidder.

Several of these offices were kept at taverns and other public houses; and people drew lots, or threw dice there, for the *deliverance* of souls.

Nearly the same thing is practised in *Spain*, but under a different form only. Games of hazard are no longer in use, because they are prohibited under severe penalties; but masses are said at fifteen pence each, for the deliverance of souls out of Purgatory.

Place-

Place-Major.

AMONG a number of squares, *Place-Major* is distinguished; it is spacious and beautiful, adorned with elegant houses, and bordered with piazzas.

These piazzas are very commodious: it is a pity such buildings are discontinued: the ladies say it is shameful. In those days, when our magistrates and governors were accustomed to go on foot, care was taken to furnish them with shelter and shade; but now that vulgar wretches only walk about so, what matter whether they are drowned or burnt?

Galleons.

THE Spaniards call galleons the ships that usually go twice a year to fetch gold

gold from *Peru*. They are unloaded at *Porto-Bello*: the cargoes are conveyed by land to *Panama*; and thence, by sea, to *Lima*. The galleons return to *Cadiz* in the same way: their arrival diffuses universal joy; and the *Te Deum* is sung. Here, indeed, it was sung for the taking of *Pensacola*, and the taking of *Mobille*; and for other conquests that were not worth lighting a candle for.

Offices and Places.

SINCE the administration of *Valenzuela*, almost all offices have been venal.

It is asserted that *Colbert* used to say, that, when the King created an office, God at the same time created a fool to purchase

purchase it. This observation, so ingenious, but so astonishing from the lips of a Minister, is particularly true in Spain.

Oille, or Oglio, and the People.

I HAVE forgot the Spanish name. The Oglio is a ragout composed of all sorts of meats and vegetables. A good Oglio, which costs sometimes thirty piaftres, is, after onion-soup and ala-mode-beef, the best dish that can be eaten.

The Spaniards alone know how to make a good Oglio. Some days ago, *La Foret*, who fancies that he knows every thing, took upon him to dress me one: I had it thrown out of the window.

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The people of *Madrid* are, of all others, perhaps, those who have the least spirit and feeling: taxes may be doubled and trebled upon them without any danger: they never murmur: the ministers do what they like: no complaint is ever heard: if the name of the King is but mentioned, they are all silence and attention, and bend down in all humility to listen.

Gouty People.

BY the vast number of gouty persons to be seen here, one would imagine that *Spain* was their particular country.

Many people have laboured to discover a safe and easy method for curing the gout. These pretended discoveries have only contributed to enrich
some

Some quacks, whom the art of producing palliative cures has given a name to.

But an infallible remedy for the gout has been lately discovered in the mountains of the principality of *Neufchâtel*, where it is known by the name of *Bière de Santé*, literally, in English, Beer of Health. This beer also cures a great many disorders that physicians have termed incurable, only because they knew not the method of curing them.

The Temperance of the Spaniards.

A SPANIARD, who has two or three hundred a year, lives upon mushrooms, honey, snails, and fried eggs. Another absolutely eats nothing else but soup—and what soup? Soup made
of

of water and oil. *Medor*, my dog
Medor, would not touch it.

God forbid I should here condemn
the temperance of the Spaniards! Far
from it; on the contrary I congratulate
them upon it: temperance is a virtue;
and I am temperate myself; I sleep the
better, enjoy better health, and shall
live the longer for it. Nothing is more
common than an old miser, because he
eats but little.

The Cordeliers.

CONTRARY to the custom of other
mendicant orders, the Cordeliers are
very rich in *Spain*; but, to do them
justice, these friars are very humble;
for, notwithstanding their riches, they
still continue to beg.

Ships.

Ships.

THE Frigates, and Spanish Ships, are of a different construction from ours, and carry a greater number of masts; which makes them heavy, and slow of sail.

A man has lately discovered a method of constructing a ship so that the wind shall not affect its motions; it has neither masts, sails, nor rigging. It will not require more than six feet of water; and a child may manage and steer it.

The Inventor of this vessel is a man of genius, but extremely poor; he meets with no encouragement from the state, and his vessel remains in paste-board.

It

It is astonishing what a number of inventions lie useless in the port-folios of the authors of them, for want of encouragement. Genius is no where sufficiently rewarded.

Says Fontenelle, "*If I had all the truths of the world in my hand, I would not open it to communicate them.*" Fontenelle was right; the world is like an ungrateful patient that beats and tears his nurse who is giving him broth.

Beggars.

MANY people imagine that poverty is a certain condition of life, and that one man is formed to be a beggar, as another is born to be a captain of Dragoons, or a general of the Capuchins.

I pretend to no knowledge of fatality, predestination, or a predetermined system;

system; but, be that as it may, the Spaniards should have hospitals for their beggars. It is shocking to meet some poor wretches without hands or arms, others crying out for want of bread, and others again who, in order to move compassion, expose their wounds and sores.

Saragossa and *Seville* are the only cities in *Spain* where there are houses for beggars.

I have mentioned the hospital of *Saragossa*. There are three hospitals at *Seville*, instituted and endowed by the Infanta *Donna Isabella*.

The hospital of God the Father is very rich: the Houses of *St. Clement*, *St. Isidore*, and the Virgin of Mercy, are much less so; but they are rich enough to feed and clothe their poor, if the latter will be industrious.

A Theatre has been lately built at *Cadiz*, that cost immense sums; an hospital might have been erected and supported for less. No one can be a greater lover of plays than I am; I should feel the loss of such entertainments; yet, I would most cheerfully submit never to see a play, on condition that I should never meet with a person distressed.

Honey.

VIRGIL and St. *Augustin*, who were passionately fond of honey, have been lavish in their praise of the honey of Mount *Hybla*—I never tasted that famous honey; but I doubt whether it was superior to that of *Madrid*. The honey indeed of this place is excellent: the Spaniards send it to their friends and relations,

relations, as we send any choice production to ours.

Fairs, Jesters, Grandees of Spain.

THE Fairs in *Spain* are very inconsiderable; they furnish nothing but coarse woollens and linens, small cattle, *esparbilles*,* wooden-shoes, cordage, and grain.

Jesters are not abolished—several are to be seen at court. The Duke of *Medina-Celi* has one, and the Duke of *Alva* two: all the three are said to be very diverting.

The Grandees of *Spain* are not what they are thought in *France*, whence they are seen only at a distance: they

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* A sort of shoes made of cord, worn in some provinces of Spain.

should be seen here, in different situations; and no person that saw them would envy them the privilege of wearing their hats before the King.

Genealogical Trees.

IT is pleasant enough to see in the rooms of every gentleman of *Madrid*, the genealogical tree of their family, engraved on a large sheet of vellum. You will find these trees lopped, clipped, without moss, without any decayed wood, or rotten branch. A Minister of State, a General, or an Admiral, &c. always appears at the head. No notice is ever taken of the humble mechanic, or husbandman, who gave birth to this illustrious person from whom the descent is traced: one would think that the founder of the family never had a father:

father; and oftentimes the honestest man of the whole race is passed over without any notice.

*The Clergy — Houses — Asylums — An
Anecdote.*

THE influence of the Clergy has much declined of late years. The number of convents decreases. These four years past, there has been a prohibition against admitting novices without a licence being first obtained. According to computation, there are fifty thousand Monks in *Spain*: they have been reckoned at double that number. The number of nuns lessens daily.

Almost all the houses are built of brick; the exterior parts are adorned

with painting: this ornament appears odd. The windows are furnished with lattice-work and iron bars.

There are but two churches at *Madrid* which have preserved the privilege of an asylum: there robbers and murderers are safe: they live in a room at the top of a tower: the ringer or parish-clerk feeds them, and devout persons pay for their board.

Some time ago the Ambassador of *France* complained that the Prince of *Asturias* talked to him in Spanish. "In what language," said the Prince, "does the Dauphin converse with the Spanish Ambassador?"—"In French," replied the Ambassador.—"Well then, the Ambassador of my Father has learned French; let the Ambassador of *France* learn the Spanish."

Society.

Society.

WHOEVER comes with proper letters of recommendation, is well received every where,—by the ladies I mean, for the Spanish gentlemen receive nobody; but, to make amends, their wives are so amiable, so fond of strangers, and receive them so very kindly, that the husbands remain unnoticed, and are only considered as pieces of furniture.

Ruffs.

THE use of ruffs, or *Godillas*, has been much ridiculed; it was not known that the Spaniards invented them to conceal wens, or swellings, in the throat, to which they are subject.

Hoffman

Hoffman is mistaken in pretending that wens are of modern date. Not only *Strabo* and *Tacitus* inform us, that in their days, there were numbers of the people of *Gaul* and *Germany* afflicted with swelled throats; but we read in *Procopius*, that *Domitian*, who had a similar swelling, invented, in order to conceal it, a sort of dress for the neck, which covered the ears, neck, and lower parts of the chin.

The Prince-Bishop of *Lion* should persuade the inhabitants of *Valois* to wear *Domitian's* dress; then we should not see at *St. Maurice*, at *Pisin*, at *Leuck*, and throughout all *Valois*, those enormous swellings, which are painful to the eye, and spoil the appetite.

Burials.

BY a new edict the people are ordered to bury the dead without the gates of
the

the city ; but the Rectors, unwilling to lose their fees, and desirous of conciliating the good will of the surviving relations, continue to bury in the churches, and at night take up the bodies that have been carried to the church-yards in obedience to the law.

We have lost the ancient custom of burning the dead ; a revival of this desirable practice among us were devoutly to be wished. Not only the idea of putrefaction adds to the horror which death occasions, but the ancient custom would assist in consoling us for the persons we have lost. How pleasing it would be to observe the precious ashes ; to have under our eye, to carry in our pockets, and to have it in our power, at any time, to press with our lips the sad remains of those who were dearest to our heart !

I would

I would give an hundred guineas, my diamond ring, my watch, and a thousand other things, to have my dear Mother's ashes in my casket; I would prefer them a thousand times to her portrait, which is no part of her, is not like her, and which I cannot carry about me.

F I N I S.

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